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OUR SUMMER OUTING.

J. L. MORRIS.

We left the city of Columbus at 11:35,
And all felt gay and happy as children—all alive:
Along the C. S. & H.,
We proudly rode along—
Some discussing matters
And others engaged in song.

We reached the city of Sandusky
At three and twenty-five,
To watch the men unloading coal—
Like bees were all alive.
We went to an elevator
To view the wheat go on,
And every person wished he could
To that place sing a song.

In the evening after supper
We went across the lake,
To a very fine pavillion
To listen to a fake.
The singing, now I tell you,
Was very poor, indeed;
But it seemed that some enjoyed it
While others did not, indeed.

About four o'clock in the morning,
A gentleman of our crowd,
Was called up by telephone,
And he answered very proud—
"Hello! What is it you say!
Is this my friend, Tom Sayers?"—
But I'm sorry to say that my friend so gay
Was fooled by a friend of theirs.

But when he found out the thing was a joke,
It is said he felt quite bored,
And he left the house so quiet as a mouse—
But he laughed and laughed and roared—
“I *love* to tell the story of what happened there last night,
About that telephone message”—when it came all to
light!
This certain moral gentleman was allured and was led
Amongst this happy crowd of boys instead of being in
bed.

On Wednesday morning at eight o'clock
We started for the boat
That took us up to Port Huron
To see the coal afloat;
And on the way we enjoyed ourselves
By listening to music gay,
Which was furnished us along the route
By Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Ray.

Those ladies sung and played so well,
The passengers and the crew,
Extend to them our heartfelt thanks—
Myself as well as you.

We then arrived at Port Lorain,
A city on the lake,
Where we were treated royally
With the best that they could make.
We now extend our heartfelt thanks
To the Johnston Company
For our entertainment—
So joyfully and free.

We started from here at eight o'clock
To go to Cleveland city,
But on our way the sea was rough,
And, indeed, it was a pity!
For some felt sick and some felt bad,
While the sea was running high,
Although there was no danger
For land was very nigh.

I saw one handsome gentleman—
A Scotchman, I believe—
Indeed was looking very sick,
And he commenced to heave.
There was a German gentleman
Standing by his side,
And spoke to him so kindly,
As a friend that would prescribe.

The gentleman looked so very sick
But he did not move nor kick,
And the German gentleman spoke out again—
“Govrenor, you vos very sick,
You vos better vos dake a drink mit me,
And then you youst can run”—
But the other said, “You Dutch d—m fool,
Do you think I am sick for fun!”

Our captain brave and loyal,
A gentleman, you know,
Who had braved the lakes for many years,
On bridge and down below—
His actions they are fearless,
His kindness, it was grand!
Hurrah for Captain Cutter!
Who brought us safe to land.

On motion of Mr. Oyser, a standing vote of thanks was tendered to Captain Morris for his poem.

Mr. Morrison explained to the Institute a safety lamp which he exhibited, after which Mr. Oyser rendered from his “Echo” graphophone, the poem of Captain Morris in his own original manner, as well as a Welsh song as sung by this same Captain Morris, all of which greatly amused and interested the audience.

No further business appearing, on motion the Institute adjourned.

